

Marquis of Westminster, whose daily home is estimated at \$5,000. The Rothschilds, four of them, are the richest house in Europe, and their income is estimated at \$10 millions a year, or a thousand dollars a hour.

— Elihu Burritt has been walking from London to the other of Great Britain, from Land's End to John O'Groats, a distance of six hundred miles, and will publish his notes by the Way."

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FOR 1864.

Sitting alone by the winter fire,
This last night of the year—
With the curtains drawn, and the lamps aglow,
And the old out-purring near,
I sit alone in my elbow-chair,
And dream a dream in the silence there.

I.
Midnight there came through the open door,
A glorious, shining thing;
An Angel-Freedom, wondrous fair,
Appointed like a king;
Bright-haired and blushing as the dawn,
His eyes, his lips, changed and shone.

He took my hand—I met his glance—
He thrilled through every limb,
Obeyed his voiceless call,
I rose and followed him:
Out in the midnight, cold and dim,
With dreaming feet, I followed him.

The moon was up—the stars were clear—
The sky was full of God!
It was the last night of the year,
And hundreds were abroad:
But there the crowd and the hurrying throng,
I and the angel sped along.

Fast nobles magnates proud and fair,
Flooded with ray light,
Whence sounds of mirth and music rare
Stole out upon the night;
Add, driven, dashed with wine, forgot
The sacred Lament without.

Fast banquet-halls, where women's eyes
Outrived the champagne foam;
Fast opera-houses, bright as day,
And thronged from pit to dome;
Fast luxury and pomp and pride,
I hurried onward with my guide.

But when the streets grew small and gray,
And few the lights and dim,
The human current ebbed away,
And I, alone with him,
Saw languid behind me or before,
Except the hovels of the poor.

My heart and eyes o'erflowed with tears,
Too solemn to dissemble,
In every bell and far and near,
The bells began to tremble;
And roar of cannon—crack of gun—
Told that the Old Year's sands were run.

Then my companion spoke: "O, hark!
O hear the midnight chime!
The Old Year's dead, and I am King,
The youngest-born of Time!
As monarch of the glad New Year,
My reign, my mission opens here."

II.
And then around, above, below,
The sound of wings I heard:
With fluttering pinions, white as snow,
The frosty air was stirred;
And glittering spirits, floating o'er us,
Sang as they went, a silvery chorus:

"Hail! hail! hail!
Hail to the glad New Year!
The stars in the quiet sky grow pale,
And slowly disappear;
And Morn on the altars of the Night,
Like sacrificial priest,
Uplies in the glorious east
A chalice full of light—
Hail! to the glad New Year!"

III.
Ere the sweet song was hushed, I felt
The monarch's hand on mine;
And through the frosty windows 'round
Dim lights began to shine;
The doors flew wide on every side,
I entered with my Angel Guide.

Oh! may I never see again
So sad a sight as that!
The hearth was cold—the cupboard bare—
They shivered as they sat;
Poor hungry wretches heaped together,
Like fallen leaves in wintry weather.

Women and men and little ones,
With want in eyes and brow:
They lifted up their hands and cried:
"Oh! Heaven help us now!
Must we in hunger, cold and pain,
Live through another year again?"

Then with his godlike face aglow
With godlike sympathy,
The Angel-Freedom by my side
Spoke low and soothingly:
"God's will be done in every lot—
Patience, sweet friends, and murmur not!

"Unwelcome though my visit be,
I do not come alone,
The tender Christ of Nazareth
Doth not forget his own;
He who was once despised and poor,
Comes with the New Year to the door."

IV.
How lovely is his smiling bloom!
How brilliant are his eyes!
A warmth and radiance fill the room,
The shivering ones arise:
They do not murmur now, nor fear,
But sing: "God bless the glad New Year!"

The mother clings her ragged babe,
And dreams of warm attire:
The father tells his hungry boy,
"Thou shalt have food and fire;"
And all unite the King draw near,
And sing: "God bless the bright New Year!"

Then outward in the early dawn
I and the monarch go,
To every corner and relief
To every household of woe;
The morning star hangs in the East,
The cold is still, the wind has ceased.

Now in the monarch's wretched cell,
The monarch's wretched cell,

Breathing his fevered breath:
Now at the sick-bed of a child,
Whence New Year's gift is—Death;
Now in a prison, barred and drear,
Bringing the fettered captive cheer.

On, thro' the breaking day, we sped
With Love's unlagging pace:
The sunshine crowns the monarch's head,
And brightens his noble face;
Down the long street we swiftly glide,
The hospital-doors stand open wide.

V.
Sick—sick—sick—
The sick are on every side,
Soldiers wounded and sick to death,
Fevered and hollow-eyed;
Turning about on their pillows hot,
Murmuring and raving—they know not what.

Here is a boy from Michigan,
There is a lad from Maine;
Handreds are here from the Keystone State,
Haggard with months of pain;
From North and South—from East and West,
There are crowds of our bravest and our best.

They lift their heads—they lift their hands—
(Those who have strength to move),
They look on the New Year entering in
With eyes of tenderest love;
Their voices are feeble and faint to hear,
But they cry: God bless the glad New Year!

"The glad New Year which will heal our
wounds,
And make us strong again:
Which will give us back lost health and hope,
And make us happy men;
Hurray! then, boys—one hearty cheer—
Thank God! who sends the bright New Year!"

IV.
Then in the centre of the room
The Angel Presence stands,
And calms the tumult with a wave
Of his uplifted hands:
"Courage! heroic men!" he cries;
And the tears are shining in his eyes.

"Courage! brave soldiers, one and all!
Your wounds outshine the stars:
The fairest ornaments you wear
Are those unsightly scars:
Your haggard faces, tanned and brown,
Are the richest jewels in my crown!"

"Courage! the night is very dark,
But the blessed dawn is nigh—
Back to the shelter of the Ark
The birds of promise fly;
And their airy flight will never cease
Till they bring us the olive-branch of Peace!"

"Peace!" and the glorious spirit lifts
His shining eyes to Heaven—
"O Lord! my God! may thy precious gift
To my opening reign be given!
May Discord die and War decay,
And Peace and Union live for aye!"

VIII.
Once more around, above, below,
The sound of wings I hear:
On fluttering pinions, white as snow,
The glittering shapes appear;
And, like a chime of silver bells,
Once more the solemn chorus awells:

"Hail! hail! hail!
Hail to the glad New Year!
The stars in the rosy dawn may pale,
And slowly disappear;
But when the night
Of the New Year bright
Returns again to the dark'ning skies—
In fresher glory they shall arise,
In newer, purer light!"

So may the lost stars of our land,
The lights in our country's firmament,
Renew their glory, and rise again,
When the day of wrath is spent!
And crown'd with comfort and good cheer,
Rebelling o'er, and tumults cease,
May North and South and West and East
Immortalize the Year!

The board is spread—the wine flows clear,
While Peace and Union hover near;
Hail! to the monarch of the Feast!
Hail! to the glad New Year!

MISTRESS AND MAIDS.
"She's as mean as dirt," said the cook;
"that's what I say."

"Dirt is gold to her," said the housemaid;
"that's what I say."

"So," said Mrs. Thorne—whose hearing
was far too quick for her peace of mind,
for she heard these remarks just as she got to the
parlor door—"so, that's the way they speak
of me behind my back, is it? That's my
return for all the kindness I've shown them
of late. The very last time I went to town
I bought a new gown for cook; and it was
only last week that Jane went home to see
her mother, and took a nice present of wine
and sugar for her. But Mrs. Gordon may
say what she likes; kindness is of no use, it
only spoils them. However, I'll know the
meaning of this. I haven't been satisfied
with Jane, though I've tried to keep it in;
she looked quite sulky when I showed her
the spots on the fire-irons and the dust on
the door-ledge. And as to cook, I know
what she means by meanness. She expects
me to allow more sugar for the kitchen; but
I shan't do it; I won't be imposed upon. I
don't care for the value of the sugar; but I
will be mistress in my own house, and do
as I think proper with my own things."

Then, laying her hand on the bell, she gave
a violent pull; but at the same time the
door-bell pealed, and in the jangle of the
two bells together the servants hardly knew
what was wanted.

"It's the door," said the cook.

"No, it's missus," said the housemaid; but
the knocker ended their doubts.

"Run," said the cook; "it's a visitor."
And when the drawing-room door opened
it was to admit, not the offending cook and
housemaid, to receive their dismissal, but Mrs.
Gordon, a pleasant-looking widow-lady—a
welcome guest wherever there was the
smallest society of good sense or good feel-
ing in the house she visited.

She was a clear-headed, kind-hearted woman,
who had not passed through life without
learning something of her own imperfec-
tions; and self-knowledge had made her
tender towards the infirmities of others.
She was a great stickler for the due dis-
charge of social and relative duties; not on
one side only, but on both. She had not
one sort of justice for the strong and another
for the weak; and thus, with regard to ser-
vant and mistress, she stood up as resolute-
ly for the one side as the other. Many a
young housekeeper had she helped through
the difficulties of her position. Where her
advice was well received, she rejoiced; but
where self-conceit caused it to be rejected,
she quietly withdrew. But, while sincerely
desirous of being helpful to any or all that
would allow her to help, she was most
anxious to give the benefit of her experience
and matured judgment to such of her
younger friends as made a profession of reli-
gion. "It is sad to see," she would say
sometimes, "how much discredit is cast
upon the gospel by the mere inconsiderate-
ness of those who profess to be guided by it."

"I have brought you a few lilies," she
said, "for the pretty new stand Mr. Thorne
bought for you last week. Shall Jane bring
a little water, and we will put them in be-
fore they fade?"

It was a great relief to Mrs. Thorne, now
that her temper had had time to cool itself,
to see her kind friend come in; for she had
scarcely touched the bell before she had a
nervous misgiving that her intended inter-
view with her servants would not end either
to her satisfaction or advantage. Wherever
Mrs. Gordon went she was liked by the ser-
vants; they had a sort of instinctive feeling
that her visits were productive of good, and
that everybody was more comfortable for
them.

Jane curtsied, and went with alacrity for
the water, and very respectfully admired
the lilies; and altogether looked so good-
tempered, that Mrs. Thorne was disarmed of
a little of her wrath.

"You are looking pale, my dear," said the
good widow, seating herself on the sofa by
the side of the young wife. "Is it a head-
ache?"

"Not exactly a headache," said Mrs.
Thorne; "but—but the truth is, I have been
a little put out."

"Baby cutting another tooth?" asked Mrs.
Gordon.

"Oh, no; she is quite well. It's quite a
different thing, that I'm ashamed of telling
you. You'll think I'm always complaining;
and I'm sure I wish to be just, and follow
your advice; but—"

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Gordon,
smiling. "You can't follow my advice if I
don't give it; and I can't give it if I don't
know what's the matter."

"Well, it's these servants," said Mrs.
Thorne; "you don't know how I've tried
lately to do everything that I could about
which we are told in that beautiful chapter
of Proverbs we read together."

"Oh! about 'the excellent woman,'" said
her friend.

"Yes; I have tried to look well to the
ways of my household, and to speak with
wisdom, and to let kindness be the law of
my tongue. Those were the three things,
you know," she said, smiling, "that had
chiefly to do with servants in the chapter."

"Yes, my dear," said her friend; "and if
you have tried your best, in the strength of
God, to follow that rule, although you may
not have done as well as you or I could
wish you had, I dare say you haven't done
badly, and are in the way to go on to better
and better."

"You always encourage me," said Mrs.
Thorne; "but although I have tried, I must
have been wrong somewhere, or else they
would be better."

"I have noticed often," said the widow,
"that when a young Christian—that is, one
who is young in the Christian life, as you
are—begins to follow any path of duty in a
conscientious and self-denying manner, a
host of enemies will rise in opposition, some-
times outward, sometimes inward. Now,
you know, in trying to be a faithful mis-
tress, you have to wage war with no less
than the world, the flesh, and the devil;
and, if you haven't all three upon you at
once, you're sure to have one or other of
them."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Thorne, folding her
hands and looking down.

Mrs. Gordon smiled.

"Well, it really sounds formidable; but it
is true. There is the world, now. Mis-
tresses who seek only their own pleasure
and ease will indulge servants that answer
their purpose in ways very injurious to
them, in order to retain their services; and
a Christian mistress, who dares not do this,
must submit to be called severe—unkind."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Thorne, looking
up. "Now the Thompsons gave a ball last
week to their servants, and they were al-
lowed to invite any that they pleased; they
invited ours. I don't think cook cared much
about it, but Jane was dreadfully put out
because I would not let them go; and she

has been sulky ever since, on and off, and
everything I have told her has offended her."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Gordon; "she'll
get over it in time."

"Yes; but it's very trying," said Mrs.
Thorne.

"To your temper?" said Mrs. Gordon.

"Yes, there's the flesh. It would be easy
enough for you to stand firm in your duty
of watchfulness over them, if you knew that
they would agree with you; but the trial is,
after you have done your best, to have them
against you. Their temper being ruffled,
ruffles yours; and your pride is up; and al-
together the flesh, or evil nature, is very
rampant— isn't it so?"

Mrs. Thorne smiled mournfully.

"And then, my dear," continued her
friend, "we mustn't forget that the old ad-
versary, who is ever on the watch to pro-
voke converts young and old, so as to make
them throw stumbling-blocks in the way of
others, takes advantage of your weakness,
your want of faith, charity, and humility,
and tries to trip you up."

"Well, I often wish I had no servants,"
said Mrs. Thorne. "I'm sure this is all true;
but it seems impossible to do right, and I'm
almost in despair."

"That's better than *quite*," said her friend,
cheerfully; "but has anything particular
happened? I thought Jane looked remark-
ably smiling when she let me in."

"Well, you might call it a trifle," said
Mrs. Thorne; "but it shocked me, because I
felt I didn't deserve it." Then she entered
into a long history of her kitchen retrench-
ments, which had provoked, as she believed,
the offensive expressions that were made
use of concerning her.

"Oh, dear! Well, that was very bad,"
said Mrs. Gordon; "but how came you to
let them use such words? I wonder they
were not afraid, for their character's sake,
to speak in that way before you."

Not answering this, Mrs. Thorne went on
to enumerate the many kindnesses and in-
dulgences which she had lately bestowed
upon them, which in her eyes greatly in-
creased their ingratitude.

"I don't know how it is, my dear; but
somehow," said the widow, "we are apt to
think more of the kindnesses we do, espe-
cially to servants, than they are worth, and
less than we ought of the kindnesses we re-
ceive from them and others. You look sur-
prised; but I noticed several little kind-
nesses that Jane rendered to you, which
were as great in kind as yours of sending
money to her mother."

Mrs. Thorne lifted her eyes incredulously.

"Didn't you see how carefully she took
up the spots of water that fell on your work-
box as you filled the stand? You didn't tell
her, for you didn't observe it—it was a spon-
taneous act of watchful attention on her
part; and, if you remember, she asked if
she hadn't better shut the window, on ac-
count of toothache you had been suffering
from."

"Yes—but," said Mrs. Thorne.

"You think such trifles of no consid-
eration, I see," said the widow; "I don't. When
my servants proffer those small kindnesses
to me I receive them gratefully, as indica-
tions of a spirit that would do more, if pos-
sible, and power were given to do it. But
tell me, I repeat, how could you let them
say such things to you?"

"Oh, they didn't say it to me," said Mrs.
Thorne; "I heard them. They spoke loud
as I passed the top of the kitchen staircase."

"I suppose," said the widow, after a mo-
ment's musing, "you are sure they were
speaking of you?"

"Well," said Mrs. Thorne, "I imagine so;
for whom else could they have been speak-
ing of?"

"Then you were not mentioned by
name?"

The words were now repeated, as exactly
as Mrs. Thorne could remember them.

"I dare say," said the widow laughing,
"it will turn out to be somebody else; but,
even if not, remember what is said in the
Book of wisdom, were even such a case as
this is provided for. 'Take no heed unto all
words that are spoken, lest thou hear thy
servant curse thee: for oftentimes also thine
own heart knoweth that thou thyself like-
wise hast cursed others.' Now isn't this
borne out? You think nothing of sitting
with me, and calling these women ungrate-
ful and sulky; what more harm would there
be, if they thought it, in their telling one
another that they thought you mean?"

"You are quite right," said the young
housekeeper. "I am so much obliged to
you."

"Yes, I am right, my dear," said Mrs.
Gordon; "and must be, while I have wis-
dom for my guide. But take my advice in
this matter: trouble your head no further
about what you hear; pray for an increase
of wisdom and of charity; and think more
of what you, as Christ's servant, owe to
them, than of what they owe to you."

This interview took a load off the heart of
the young housekeeper.

"What a treasure she is!" she said, as she
heard her old friend chatting cheerfully in
the hall with Jane, on her way out; and so
Jane seemed to think when she came into
the room with a smiling face, and saying,
"If you please, ma'am, did you want any
thing just as Mrs. Gordon came? Didn't
you ring the bell at the same time she did?"

"Yes, I did, Jane," said Mrs. Thorne;
"but—"

"Oh, dear, ma'am, see," said Jane; "the
water's dropping from the ends of the
leaves; the stand is too full," and she ran
for a pail.

"You'd best not put your hands to the
cold water, had you, ma'am, for fear you
should bring on the toothache again?" she
said, seeing that her mistress was going to
empty the stand.

"I don't want toothache, again," said
Mrs. Thorne, smiling.

"Oh, dear, no! no, ma'am," said Jane;
"it's a shocking bad pain. I've had it all
the last week, so that I couldn't sleep at
night, and it's made me so dull; and so has
cook had a touch of rheumatism, too, in her
mouth."

"That accounts for the millenium," thought
Mrs. Thorne.

"But I think cook caught it," continued
Jane, as she rubbed the table, "going out in
the wind, when she went to ask Mrs. Baker
what she'd allow for all those old things in
the back kitchen that you said she might
sell; and a very handsome present it would
have been, only the old woman's so mean,
for all she's rich. Cook says she's as mean
as dirt!"

"How Mrs. Gordon will laugh at me,"
thought Mrs. Thorne. "Well, never mind.
I'm glad it's happened; for I've learnt a
lesson that I hope I shan't forget."

"How much better missus looks to-day,"
said Jane, in the evening.

"Yes; I haven't seen her so pleasant for
this week past," said cook. "Poor thing! I
hope she won't get the toothache again."

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever was before!

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea!

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and shadowy stream
That bursts at last into light!

Father, perfect my love;
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.
Some years ago two gentlemen and a lady
had taken their places in the diligence from
Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M.
Mallaquet, a merchant of the capital, as in-
doleant in mind as in body, slept profoundly
from the commencement; the other, M.
Lussac, a commercial traveller, a person of
a very animated character, did not allow his
tongue to rest a single instant. Among
other things which he mentioned, he let it
escape that he had on him fifteen thousand
francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part
of the sum was intended for the purchase of
colonial productions, and the rest as a pre-
sent for his wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the
rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake
to speak, said simply that he was going to
Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where
the horses were changed. As the road from
that point ascends, the conductor proposed
to the travellers that they should walk up
the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal
with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness,
affected to be no less delighted, though,
in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in
movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and
the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travel-
lers continued to hear the diligence rolling
behind them. At the end of some time they
both remarked that they had wandered
from the right road. They wished to re-
turn thereto, but the sound of the wheels no
longer reached them. The indolent Malla-
quet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths, he
began to march at a more rapid rate, and
this sudden change gave birth in the soul
of M. Lussac to a sombre presentiment. Re-
membering his imprudent avowal about the
fifteen thousand francs which he had with
him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his
mind. He asked himself in terror what
this suspected companion had not plied
with the conductor to rob him in some soli-
tary place. Perhaps, he also thought, some
other accomplice might be lurking in the
spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth,
poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he
determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw
Lussac become suddenly silent, he once
concocted similar suspicions to those of his
companion. He had not, it is true, as Lus-
sac, been guilty of any indiscreet en-
dangering his own interests, but he

was filled with important papers, and the
seizure of his companion appeared to him
now only an adroit trick to inspire him with
confidence. Keeping at as great a distance
as possible from each other, the two travel-
lers watched each other's movements. At
last, a marsh coming in the way, forced
them into immediate contact on a narrow
path. Their alarm and distrust went on in-
creasing. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe
his brow, bathed with perspiration. Lussac
then stopped, thinking that he saw in his
companion's hand an instrument of murder.
However, to brace his courage a little, he
likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of
snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this, stooped down
to the muddy ground to scrape the expected
pistol-shot.

After some time passed in the anguish of
these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined
to give utterance to his dread in words.

"We must," said he, "be thoroughly on
our guard here. It is the very demon him-
self who has thrown us thus on the high
road in the middle of the night. Fortunate-
ly if we meet with any misfortune or attack
there is nothing to be found on me but
empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Mallaquet, "you surely
forget the fifteen thousand francs which you
have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonsense," cried Lus-
sac; "my words on this point were the
merest wind; of course I was only joking."

This speech did not fail to increase the
terror of Mallaquet.

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after
a few moments' hesitation, "I am deter-
mined not to yield till I have fired my pistol
as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you
not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Mal-
laquet, assuming an air of great courage;
"there are resolute fellows, however, who
do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at
—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the
trout of a horse; the rider was a postillion,
who told our travellers that they had gone
astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of
two hours to the nearest posting-station.
Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief
in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed; Mallaquet
and Lussac rushed towards it. Lussac
wanted to get up behind, but the coachman
struck him so fiercely with his whip, that
he was forced to let go his hold. Behold
our travellers, then, dragging their weary
limbs anew along the highroad.

A light gleamed in the distance. Our
travellers, drained by perspiration and crush-
ed by fatigue, marched towards the spot
where the light was shining. It was a vil-
lage; everybody was going to bed; but they
at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occu-
pied; but the landlord, yielding after
awhile to their passionate requests, gave
them the room which he had reserved for
himself. Hungry and weary, however, the
two companions felt the irresistible need for
some food. To delay caused by the repast
was marked by an absolute silence; and in
nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lus-
sac prepared with their exhausted frames to
taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment I am in bed," thought Mal-
laquet, "I will pretend to be asleep. I shall
even snore tolerable emphasis if need-
ful; but I will keep myself alert for what-
ever may occur."

As for Lussac, after having slipped his
portfolio under his pillow, wished his com-
panion adieu, and, blown out the candle,
he closed himself as cosily in the bed as
he could; but kept his eyes fixed in the dark-
ness on the corner of the room where the
brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the
most complete immobility on both sides.
The feeble light of the dawn was be-
ginning to peep through, when M. Lussac
perceived his neighbor rising with precau-
tion and approaching his own bed on tip-toe.
Mallaquet then stooped down over M. Lus-
sac's face. M. Lussac's heart beat like a
steam-engine. Fortunately, however, he

ROTATORY HAIR-BRUSHING.

FROM CHAMBERLAIN'S LONDON JOURNAL.

It is a fact. A potent combination of castor-oil, mahogany, bristles, and India-rubber, brushes your hair with a new principle of movement, and an entirely fresh and hitherto unknown sensation. A friend said to me yesterday: "I've had my hair brushed by machinery. A thing came down from the ceiling and drew away hair from root to tip, all brushing about."

Now, my friend was a wag, and I thought this would be a description of the brushing-machine as an example of his quality; but he grew serious. "Go yourself," said he; and I went. I don't care to advertise a particular shop, but I may say that it was in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly. Before long, the invention will be fully known and widely applied; it has been already patented in England and abroad.

Of all minor sensations, that of having your hair well brushed is one of the most agreeable. There are some barbers who put your head with bristles till it bleeds; others narrow the skin; others stroke the outside of your hair with scabs, unpenetrating touch; but when you sit under a man whose hand is neither too heavy nor too light, who just touches the scalp with searching bristles, and then draws them steadily through the hair, a sense of soothing calm creeps over you. Imagine, however, a steady and searching stroke indefinitely extended. Think what it must be to feel the brush take up your hair without any descending motion; conceive every part of the scalp traversed with a penetration which skips nothing, and yet never scratches the skin, never trespasses on the forehead or the neck; conceive a stroke which, though your hair may be only an inch long, can be continued, if you please, for a quarter of an hour. And yet all these conditions are fulfilled in the new machine for hair-brushing.

The brush is circular, like one for cleaning bottles, and revolves on a long axis, which projects far enough at each end for the hands to hold, so that the brush may turn round while the axis remains still. Rigidly connected with the drum-shaped brush is a wheel like that of a pulley, with a deep groove. It is evident that if this be turned, the brush will turn round the axis or handle which you hold. The question is, how to give the rotatory motion to the brush, and yet shift it about all over the patient's head. If the brush were set twirling in a frame, he might put his head to it; but this would be inconvenient. How can we make the brush revolve, and then apply it to the hair?

It is done thus: an endless band of vulcanized India-rubber hangs from the ceiling over the chair in which you sit to be brushed; it descends to within about a foot of your head, and is made to revolve by machinery. All, therefore, that the operator has to do is to hitch this revolving band into the groove of his drum-brush, and draw it down. Away it spins, the elasticity of the descending India-rubber band enabling the operator to shift it about to the different parts of the head, and apply just so much pressure as is agreeable to the patient.

When I went in to get my hair thus brushed, had sat down before the glass, and been tucked in as usual with bib and dressing-gown, the hair-dresser took up one of his circular brushes and hitched it into the revolving band over my head. In a moment I felt a silent fanning, as if some monstrous butterfly were hovering over me; this was the air of the twirling brush, which caught my hair up and laid it down, and travelled all over my head with incessant gentle penetration. It crept down my whiskers and searched my beard with the same tender and yet decided effect. There was no scratching, not even of the neck and ears, but the skin of cheeks and chin was reached and swept. It was a new sensation. I felt as if I should like to be brushed continuously for a month.

My attendant told me that there was a strong opposition to it on the part of the manual hair-dressers, and that some of them had given out that the new process was certain to produce fits. "Fits of laughter," he added, "must be meant." There was certainly a sense of exhilaration in it, which I never felt in a hair-dresser's room before.

The brushes are changed quite easily. I think that the shape will have to be modified, and also that they must not be made too soft. I can really imagine a very suitable person being whisked into a state of ecstasy by a prolonged application of this fanning, whirling machine. But, no doubt, it will be extensively used, and will probably be adapted to the stable and the harness-room. One small steam-engine might be made to clean simultaneously a whole regiment of horses. Every stall might have its descending India-rubber band. You could go over stably the whole of a horse with it. The process would only have to use a revolving brush, and hitch its groove into the driving band. It will, I suppose, be used for boots and clothes. The specialty of the thing consists in having a long elastic driving band, which allows the operator to apply the brush where he pleases, and the perfect simplicity with which the thing is operated, in and out of gear.

One man in New Hampshire has sent thirty thousand pigeons to market this month.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Charlotte de Corday d'Arment—The young enthusiast of Normandy—was of a noble family; educated at the convent of L'Abbaye aux Dames, at Com, she had imbibed the idea that she was destined to deliver her country from the scourge of a murderous tyranny, and she selected Marat, whose name was at that epoch more before the public as the instigator of sacrifices than those of Robespierre and Danton, as her victim.

The details given by Sanson of this remarkable incident in the Reign of Terror, are, as might be expected, more minute than any that have yet been given to the public. Charlotte had not returned ten minutes from her trial, at which she had confessed herself with unexampled firmness and ability, than M. Hauser, the artist, was introduced. She conversed with the artist, while engaged in his task, with perfect calmness for an hour and a half, when she suddenly remembered she had forgotten to write a letter. She had only penned a few lines when Sanson made his appearance. She went on with her work notwithstanding, and, when she had finished, she placed her chair in the middle of the room, and let down her beautiful hair to be cut off. "Since M. de la Barre," says Sanson, "I never witnessed so much courage in death! We were there, six or seven citizens, whose business is not of a nature to soften the feelings, yet she appeared less affected than any of us, and even her lips had not lost their color! When her hair was cut off, she gave half to the artist and the remainder to Richard, the gaoler, for his wife, who had manifested great interest in the unfortunate young lady." She went to the scaffold with the same remarkable intrepidity; there was not an atom of bravado—a simple, mild, pious resignation, or "a penetrating and irresistible sweetness," as the master of high works describes it. Robespierre, Desmoulins, and Danton were at a window in the Rue Saint Honoré, on the way, thinking, no doubt, when their turn would come. Arrived at the scaffold, she threw herself upon the fatal plank, and Fermin, one of the aides, having let loose the string, all was over in a moment. Sanson declares that he was at the foot of the scaffold, when a carpenter named Legros, having taken the head, was not satisfied with holding it up to the crowd, but actually slapped the face—a face admittedly of extraordinary beauty. This was too much even for a revolutionary tribunal, and Legros was justly punished for this act of sacrilege. Charlotte's letter to Barbaroux is a noble legacy to posterity; the sentiments breathed in it are more worthy of a heroine than of an assassin, but Charlotte was no assassin in the ordinary acceptance of the word. The times considered, and the magnitude of the crimes daily enacted by her victim, more than vindicated her otherwise reprehensible conduct, and we are inclined to adopt to their full extent the words of the descendant of her executioner. "The soul of Charlotte de Corday went up to Heaven free from all terrestrial imperfection; her heart had never been saved for her country. She was not only the martyr of liberty, she was the Jeanne d'Arc of democracy."

The case of Adam Lux was a singular one. He had come from Mayence to claim a seat at the banquet to which the elders of the human family invited their brethren. Alas! he soon found that the banquet was a scaffold stained with the blood of all that was good or praiseworthy. Thus disabused, he meditated upon the beauty and heroism of Charlotte Corday till he determined to join her, and he perished on the scaffold, whether he had gone in his best, as if to a marriage ceremony, with the words "At last!" in his mouth. It is not to be wondered at that the sanguinary fanaticism of the day should have been followed by flagrant instances of mental alienation.

THE JAPANESE.

A "Traveller," in a letter to the London Times, says:—

"I can assure you, if we go to war with the Japanese, we must not blind ourselves with the belief we shall have a second Chinese affair. They are bold, courageous, proud, and eager after every kind of knowledge. A friend of mine gave a workman a Bramah lock to put on a box; it was not discovered until some time afterward, and only then by the absence of the name, that the lock had been imitated, and as the workman confessed, the original kept as a pattern. I have been on board a steamer (paddle) which used three years ago to run between Nagasaki and Jeddo, six hundred miles, whose engines and boilers, and every part of her machinery, were made of copper. She was built by a doctor in Jeddo, whose only guide was a Dutch description of a steam engine translated into Japanese. An American gunnery officer was sent over in 1850, in the Powhatan, to teach them gunnery. He was courteously received, and then taken over the arsenal at Jeddo. He returned to the ship, saying 'he had been taught a lesson instead of having to teach.'"

"In many of the arts and manufactures they excel us; their beautiful castings in brass would puzzle the most experienced European workman. I have shown specimens to clever workmen who confessed they

could not imitate them. Though they do not know how to blow glass, I have seen samples which would rival in brilliancy any made in England. The French Minister had a large hall, so clear and of such perfect order that he believed it to be a gigantic apothecary, and bought it for a good round sum. Their paper imitations of leather are perfect; their paper water-proof coats are bought by the captains of ships for their exposed boats' crews; their own clocks are good, and they have imitated our watches; they walk about with 'pedometers' attached to their belts, and they are not backward in copper-plate engraving and perspective. Their china is far superior to the Chinese. The country abounds with coal, though they only use that found close to the surface; but even that, a sort of bituminous shale, is good. In gold and silver I believe they could rival Mexico and Australia; iron, copper and tin are found in profusion. A friend of Yokohama gave a Japanese a piece of English cotton shirting; in a few days the man brought back two pieces, and my friend had much difficulty in saying which was his, so closely had it been imitated. In fact, they are a people who want for nothing but teachers."

A PIOUS LITIGANT.

It is related of the Duc de Mazarine, (husband of the celebrated Hortense Mancini), that a proposition was once made to him, by his adversary in a very important lawsuit, for a compromise of the controversy by way of reference. The friends of the Duc urged his acquiescence in the proposal, which appeared to them highly advantageous to his interests; but he positively refused, in these words: "Our Saviour came into the world not to bring peace, but a sword; controversies, disputes and lawsuits are mentioned in the Sacred Book, but compromises by way of reference are mere human inventions; God established judges, but seems never to have thought of arbitrators, for not a word is said about them in the Bible; therefore, I am resolved to carry on my lawsuit for my lifetime, if necessary, for I never can, as a religious man, consent to a reference." Which determination he faithfully adhered to.

The same conscientious personage had promised the Bishop of Frejus fifty thousand crowns, if he would forward his marriage with Hortense Mancini, already mentioned, who was the favorite niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and whose hand was therefore attended by a princely fortune. The Episcopal functionary, accordingly, devoted himself heart and soul to the cause, and with such success that the marriage was at length completed. But when the innocent Bishop sent to the bridegroom for his fifty thousand crowns, the devout Duc returned for answer—"My weak human nature lusted strongly for the payment, but my religion compels me to refuse it, since my Director has apprised me that, to give money for the sacrament of matrimony would be highly sinful and as clear simony as buying a bishopric."—*Journal of Law.*

A WOLF BAROMETER.

On my paying a visit to an old planter once, I observed suspended from the ceiling or roof of his hut by a small piece of cord, the skull of some animal. Being curious, I inquired if it was for use or ornament. "Bless me," said he, "don't you know what that is?—why, it is our weather glass, barometer, and everything else; a wolf's head; and whenever we are on the point of having a change of wind, you may be sure that skull will indicate it, and what the change is to be." This made me still more curious, and I pressed him for information. "I have had that skull thirty years," said he, "and, although a crafty wolf's, it never deceived me. Now, look here; suppose the wind is north, and that skull's nose points to the east, and so remains for a week; after the wind shifts from north, we get an easterly wind for just as long as the skull pointed in that direction, and so on for any other quarter of the compass." He frankly told me he could not explain the reasons, but so it was, and so it is; for I procured a skull and suspended it in a quiet place, and found, as the old man said, it never deceived me.—*Recollections of Labrador.*

The Prince of Wales, it is said, may often be seen, *à la pedestrian*, in London, with a short, little carved wood pipe in his mouth, looking very saucy and very democratic.

Mention is made by Trollope of a Florentine villa, whose floor is painted to represent a shallow stream. The illusion is said to be remarkably cooling in its effects.

Antonius says: "There is no man so fortunate that he shall not be by him when he is dying, some who are pleased with what is going to happen." Here is a text for reflection, which will last one all day Sunday.

The revolutions produced by a genius in the world of thought, actually end in actual revolution in society.

The National Government of Poland has maintained an eight months struggle with Russia, and yet the powers which were in such haste to recognize the South as belligerents at the very outbreak of the rebellion, have accorded it no such recognition.

INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.

"COMMONPLACE WOMEN."

"Heaven knows how many simple letters from simple-minded women, have been kind, cherished, wept over by men of far loftier intellect. So it will always be, to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by these young creatures who seek to please by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius, that, though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with, them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Stasels and Corbines, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what so few of your 'female celebrities' are—a true woman."—*Blackmore.*

Remarks similar to the above, in which the possession of a HEART by women of intellect and genius is at least doubted, are as thick as bramble bushes. We stumble over them in the cultivated pastures of well bred literature, where they might be least expected, and in the thickets and wildernesses of out-of-the-way publications; along the garden walks of refined society, and in the less frequented highways and hedges of homelier life. Everywhere we hear the warning—beware of the women of genius; she is a diamond—sparkling, dazzling, cold, and hard. The writer of the above tries to soften, slightly, the harsh declaration. He acknowledges that "woman's nature and woman's heart," is "not incompatible with," though "distinct from" the possession of intellect and genius. Nevertheless he is not able to free himself from the idea that a woman of mind and character is something for a man to be terribly afraid of, to admire at a safe distance, and to pass by for a "wayside flower" whose thorns will not prick his fingers; and he finally concludes that a "female celebrity" is seldom a "true woman."

Now we dissent from all this, in toto. It is the most shallow philosophy of the most shallow class of minds. The trafficker in this sort of trash NEVER KNEW Madame de Staël, can never have read, or certainly never understood the glowing "Corinne," and is utterly incapable of comprehending the peerless woman poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He never got as far as "A, B, C," in the character of Charlotte Brontë, or Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Not only is "woman's nature and woman's heart," "not incompatible with" intellect and genius—it is widened, deepened, gloriously enriched by the possession of them. Which holds the most—a river's bed, or a tea-cup? The ocean, or a millpond? Which woman is capable of giving the richest mine of love—she who, with clear intellect, lofty aspirations, true, womanly strength, loves because she understands, sympathizes with, appreciates a noble, manly soul; or the "simple-minded" maiden who says "yes" to the first good-looking and passably gallant youth who makes his appearance, and loves her husband because he is *HER*, and is very kind and clever to her?

A man of truly lofty intellect, and largeness of nature, is a stranger to this horror of "intellectual women." He is not afraid to be understood by them, because to understand him is to more and more highly esteem him. He is a *SMALL* man who shrinks from the clear gaze of a thoughtful, well-poised woman, and turns away uneasily in search of some "simple minded" one, who will never dream of the difference between him and his "far loftier" brother.—*L. G. in the Principia.*

A WONDERFUL PLANT.

On the Peak of Teneriffe, the *Retama* of the natives, *Cytisus rubiginosus*, of botanical lore, contrives to exist, and produce large hemispherical masses of its glaucous, quill-like branches. These, rather mournful than otherwise to behold in summer and autumn, break forth in spring with multitudes of deliciously scented white blossoms, and form a graceful scene, which no man can hope to witness, unless he raises himself more than mile vertically into the air, and on the flanks of this very mountain; for the plant grows nowhere else in the world, and even here at no lower level. But during that short spring period, all the gales are scented by the balmy odors of these flowers of the mountain-top; even violets then spring up between rough volcanic rocks; and the peasants below, packing their bee-hives on horses, bring them up in haste, with all their industrious little workers inside, whom they then allow, at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea, to collect the abundant honey from these elevated plants, during a few precious weeks which bring back both the simplicity and purity of old patriarchal life; man placed in the immediate proximity with the grandest and fairest scenes in nature.

The Machias Union notices the fact that that town has celebrated the centennial anniversary of its settlement, and yet the first decent street crossing has just been put down. We have often wondered that the inhabitants of our country villages would consent to wallow in the mud, year after year, rather than at the expense of putting down comfortable side and cross walks.

Time doesn't fight fair in his conflict with us. He pulls hair.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The January number of our NEW MAGAZINE has met with a very flattering reception from the journals of the country. Read the following among many.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—This is the title of a new monthly magazine, the first number of which for January, 1864, is on our table. We commenced some time ago that Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, of Philadelphia, were about to commence the publication of a new magazine under the above title, and they have done so. It is hardly enough to say that we are pleased with the appearance of the first number; we are delighted with it, and it is eagerly desired to make a most favorable "impression" on the ladies. It is an elegantly printed work, containing 96 pages of matter, and offers more attractions than can be found in some magazines of larger size and which have grown gray, as it were, with age. The reading matter is of the very first quality, as some of the best literary talent in the country has been employed to enrich its columns. It is ably edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, thus, where *two* are better than *one*. The first number opens with a beautiful steel plate, "Gabriel Wilkie's Return,"—one of the finest engravings we have ever seen in any literary work. Next comes a superb colored fashion plate, which every lady-reader will value above the price of the whole magazine. Then we have a splendid piece of music, entitled, "The Battle," words by H. Peterson, music by C. W. Heywood. There are also several little poems, excellent devices, sketches and editorial articles, besides a host of small items representing numerous patterns and styles for winter apparel; the whole constituting one of the most complete, attractive, beautiful and desirable magazines for the ladies that has ever been published. The terms of the "Lady's Friend" are remarkably low; when we consider its value.—*Commercial Advertiser, Chicago.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—This is the title of a new magazine published in our city by Deacon & Peterson, No. 319 Walnut Street. As its title indicates, it is essentially the lady's friend, and its contents are carefully calculated to please and instruct. The corps of contributors to its columns embraces some of the literary talent in this country and in England. The fashion plates in this number, January, are superb and of the latest style, while there is an abundance of patterns of all classes and descriptions. Gabriel Wilkie's "Return from the War" is a splendid steel engraving, from a design presented to us expressly for the Magazine. This new enterprise is eminently deserving the patronage of our lady friends.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A NEW LADY'S MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Deacon & Peterson have just placed before the public the first number of a new magazine, called THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is evidently very well edited, by Mrs. Henry Peterson; it is well printed, and is handsomely illustrated, and is full of excellent original reading. Among its contributors are Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose excellent little sketch called, "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," appears with a steel engraving in this number; Miss Eugenia Mott, Mrs. Peterson, Miss Virginia Townsend, Marion Harland, and many others. "A Medical Poem," by Mrs. Randolph, probably contains the best thoughts of the number.—*Forry's Press, Philadelphia.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The January number of this new magazine for public favor has been received, and has every requisition necessary to win its way to patronage and success. Ably edited, handsomely illustrated, finely gotten up, with an abundance of choice poems, tales, &c., from the best of writers, we hope to enjoy its monthly visits for years to come.—*Mount Joy (Pa.) Herald.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The first number of this new magazine has been received. Its frontispiece, entitled "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," is a beautiful steel-plate engraving. It also contains a double colored fashion plate, besides other engravings. Its literary matter is of the best kind.—*Clinton Valley Union.*

It is a beautiful book, and if the first No. is to be the criterion, the "Lady's Friend" is destined to take a front rank among the Monthlys.—*New Jersey Leader, Clinton, N. J.*

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will give to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and SIXTY DOLLARS, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The Machines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired. Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Machines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last seventeen years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.
1 copy, one year, \$2.00
2 copies, one year, 3.00
4 copies, one year, 6.00
8 copies, and one to get-up of club, 12.00
20 copies, and one to get-up of club, 25.00
One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST, 3.00

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

The matter in THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be different from that in THE POST.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twelve cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies." The SATURDAY EVENING POST commenced in the first number of the year, a new novel, called

OSWALD CRAY.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Vernon's Pride," &c.

This novel is published from the advance sheets and manuscript corrections, expressly forwarded to us by Mrs. Wood from England. The length of this new story will be about the same as that of "East Lynne," and "Vernon's Pride."

The constant object of the publishers of THE POST is to lay before their readers the

Very Best Stories by Native and Foreign Authors.

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And given, in addition to the sales and sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

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As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A REPORT has just been made by Chief Engineer Wood, of the navy, and others acquainted with him, on the advantages resulting from using petroleum in almost any form, and particularly the hitherto worthless residuum of distillation, as a fuel for steamships. Equal weights of coal and petroleum are calculated to give twice the running time to the oil in any steamship at sea, and the time requisite to raise steam is less than half with the oil. These facts are developed by a course of experiments begun more than a year since, and conducted with mathematical accuracy. They have especial interest to the people of Pennsylvania, who alone produce both the petroleum and the coal.

ROYAL GOOD SENSE.—The Rev. J. C. Fletcher describing his entertainment by that Model Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro II., writes:—"The Emperor is amiable, intelligent, while the princesses are receiving such an education—practical and accomplished—as would make all sensible parents in the United States rejoice, and desire that their daughters, too, might be so wisely trained. In reference to practically, I may mention that each of the princesses possesses a beautiful sewing-machine of the Wheeler & Wilson patent, and busy needle-music is heard in the palace each day at the appointed hour for such recreation."

Among the women of England there were, in 1861, 10 bankers, 7 money-lenders, 374 commercial clerks, 35 commercial travellers, 54 brokers, 28 merchants, 29 farmers, 419 printers, 3 shepherds, 43,974 out-door agriculturists; 18 ladies were doctors, 3 bone-setters; 6 were reporters or short-hand writers, 3 parish clerks, 4 choristers, 5 teachers of elocution, 17 dentists, 3 knackers, 1 astronomer, 8 "naturalists," 4 conjurers.

The old prefect of Acrea said, "God created Bonaparte, and then rested." "Would to heaven God had rested a little sooner!" remarked Count Louis of Narbonne.

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1884.

MONTHS.	1st Day.	2nd Day.	3rd Day.	4th Day.	5th Day.	6th Day.	7th Day.	8th Day.	9th Day.	10th Day.	11th Day.	12th Day.	13th Day.	14th Day.	15th Day.	16th Day.	17th Day.	18th Day.	19th Day.	20th Day.	21st Day.	22nd Day.	23rd Day.	24th Day.	25th Day.	26th Day.	27th Day.	28th Day.	29th Day.	30th Day.	31st Day.
JANUARY, 1st Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
FEBRUARY, 2d Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MARCH, 3d Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
APRIL, 4th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY, 5th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JUNE, 6th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JULY, 7th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST, 8th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
SEPTEMBER, 9th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
OCTOBER, 10th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
NOVEMBER, 11th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
DECEMBER, 12th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

THE SABBATH.

Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path.
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter they are pleasant days,
Short forerunners of the long, long spring to come.

To every new-born soul each hallowed morn
Seems like the first, when everything was new.
Time seems an angel come afresh from Heaven.
His plauds shed fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.

Old Marm G—was never regarded as a paragon of beauty; and if cleanliness is next unto godliness," as St. Paul asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she anything but neat herself, but she showed a sovereign contempt for it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world. "Way," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee, the other morning, because it had a blemish in it!"

Tears generally tremble in our eyes when we are happy, and gladden like pearls, or dew-drops on the flower cup; but when we first realize any overwhelming and unlooked-for happiness, we gaze round with a smile of bewildered ecstasy, and no tears tremble in our eyes. The extremes of joy and sorrow are too great, too deep for tears.

BISHOP BUTLER'S DYING WORDS.—He called for his chaplain, and said, "Though I have endeavored to avoid sin and please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to appear before the Moral Governor of the Universe." "My lord," said the chaplain, "you have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour." "True," was the answer, "but how shall I know that He is a Saviour for me?" "My lord, is it not written, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?'" "True," said the bishop, "and I am surprised that, though I have read that Scripture so often, I never felt its virtue to this moment; and now I die happy!"

The late Bishop of London preached at Chelmsford, on the text, "The fool has said in his heart there is no God." He preached extempore, for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on his way home, how he liked the discourse. "Well, Mr. Bloomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there is a God."

Lord John Russell's wife had been a widow, a lady of dignified and ample proportions and presence. His lordship is of slender stature. Hence he was called by the wits the widow's maid. "Oh!" exclaimed an American lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner party of English gentry, "I now see how it came to pass that his lordship was cast into the treasury!"

Gold lands in California sell at a thousand dollars an inch, a story gravely told, but which is to be taken with some allowance.

It is stated as an evidence of the appreciation of literary merit on the Western Reserve, that William Shakespeare is treasurer of Medina county, Ohio.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is some little export demand for Flour. The sales reach some 10,000 bbls, mostly common and good Pennsylvania and Western extra family at \$7.75, chiefly at \$7.50-\$7.75 for fair to good brands, including 2500 bbls, part fancy Western. The trade comes forward slowly at prices within the range of \$8.75-\$9.50 for superfine, which is scarce; \$7.50-\$8.25 for extra; \$7.15-\$7.50 for extra family, and \$6.50 to \$7.10 for fancy brands. Rye Flour—the demand is limited at \$6.50-\$7.00. Corn Meal is dull at \$5.50 for Pennsylvania, and \$6.50 for Brandywine. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are making at \$3.50-\$4.00 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—There is very little demand for Wheat: sales reach about 30,000 bu, in lots, at \$1.00-\$1.05 for fair to good and prime reds, and \$1.10 to \$1.20 for white, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is scarce at \$1.35-\$1.37 for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn has been more active; 60,000 bu, chiefly new Southern yellow, found buyers at \$1.10-\$1.15; \$1.07-\$1.09 for white, and \$1.20-\$1.24 for old yellow. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bu at \$6.87 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light. 1000 bbls. old Mesa Pork have been disposed of at \$17.75-\$18.50 per bbl. New is worth \$21-\$22. Dressed Hogs are firm at \$7.50-\$8.00 the 100 lbs. Beef is steady at \$12-\$13 per cwt. for Western and city Mesa. Bacon is selling at 7½¢ for Shoulders, and 9¢ for Sides. Of Green Mesa the sales are limited to picked Hams at 11¢-11½¢, and Shoulders in salt at 7½¢. Lard is excited and in request, at 12½¢-13¢ for bbls. and tierces, 11½¢-12½¢ for mixed packages, and 13½¢-14¢ for kegs. Butter is firm, and moderately active, at 18¢-19¢ for common to State and Ohio, and 25¢-26¢ for New York. Cheese is quiet at 13¢-14¢, as in quality. Eggs are scarce, and worth 30¢ per dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been unsettled and dull, sales of about 300 bales, in small lots, at from 75 to 86¢, cash, for ordinary to middling and fair quality.

ASHES are unchanged and quiet.

BARK.—The receipts are light; we quote lat No 1 nominally at \$36-\$37. Tanners' Bark continues scarce and high.

COAL.—There is very little doing, and the market is unsettled and dull.

COFFEE.—Market firm but quiet. Sales reach 100 bags, in lots, mostly Rio, at 34½¢-35¢, and Laguayra at 33½¢-34½¢, cash and time.

COPPER is firm and the sales of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal limited.

HAIR.—The market is quiet.

HOPS are unchanged at 97¢-98¢ per lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market is unchanged but quiet.

LEAD is firm; sales of Galena at \$10½¢-10¾¢ the 100 lbs.

LUMBER is in fair demand, with sales of White Pine Boards at \$29-\$30. Yellow sap do \$25. Lohigh Hemlock \$24, and White Pine Shingles at \$19-\$21 per M.

MOLASSES.—The market is quiet.

PLASTER.—A small invoice sold at \$4.75 per ton.

RICE.—The market is quiet at 7½¢-7¾¢ for Rangoon.

SEEDS.—There is very little Clover offering or selling, and prices range at \$7.50-\$8.50 per bush; 10½¢ prime brought \$8.06½. Timothy at \$2.75-\$3.00. Flaxseed is in better demand at \$2.15-\$2.17 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are selling at full prices. N. E. Rum is held at 95¢-96¢. Whiskey, sales of bbls at 86¢-87¢.

SUGAR.—The market is firm, but the sales are confined to 12½ bags Pernambuco at 12½¢, on time, some small lots of Cuba at 12½¢-12¾¢, cash and four months.

TALLOW.—Sales of 150,000 lb, at 12¢ per lb for city rendered and 11½¢ for western.

TOBACC.—Sales of Kentucky Leaf, in lots, at 17¢ to 20¢ per lb.

WHEAT.—The market has been rather more active; sales of about 130,000 bu are reported at \$1.05 for medium and fine fleece, mostly at \$1.05¢ per bu net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of
E. DEKSTER, 113 Nassau St. N. Y.
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JOHN F. HUNT, Nassau Hall, Providence.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 50 West South St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 59 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.
The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 11½¢ per lb. 140 Cows brought from \$18 to \$25 per head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 45¢ to 55¢ per lb. gross. 1150 Hogs brought from \$5.50 to \$6.50 per cwt.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Dec. in St. Peter's Church, by the Right Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Bishop of New Jersey, J. EDWARD COLE, U. S. A. to CATHERINE CLAYTON, daughter of W. A. C. Bridges, Teachers College, daughter of W. A. C. Bridges, Teachers College.

On the 19th of Dec. by the Rev. W. Cathart, Mr. R. PARKER, of Jersey City, to Miss MATTIE J. HOUTCHINGS, of Camden.

On the 26th of Nov. by the Rev. Mr. KENNEDY, D. D., Rector of St. Ann's Church, of Camden, D. D. ROBERT W. BURNHAM, of Camden, to MARY ELLEN, daughter of Wm. T. Topham, Esq. of Germantown.

On the 17th of Dec. by the Rev. J. A. Selig, D. D., HORACE FRITZ, to ANNIE E. daughter of Dr. Geo. Rex.

On the 24th of Aug. last, at Washington, D. C. by the Rev. F. C. Chapman, Mr. WILLIAM J. DAVIS, to Miss EMMA EDWARDS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Dec. in Lower Merion, WILLIAM E. GIBSON, in his 70th year.

On the 24th of Dec. CHARLES NEWBOLD, in his 44th year.

On the 24th of Dec. JAMES, son of John and Isabelle Forsythe, aged 35 years.

On the 24th of Dec. MARGARET, wife of Wm. Anderson, aged 57 years.

On the 24th of Dec. ROBERT CONLEY, Sr. in his 74th year.

On the 24th of Dec. Mrs. JANE ROBERTS, in her 70th year.

On the 24th of Dec. Mrs. MARGARET MILLER, aged 71 years.

On the 19th of Dec. Mr. SAMUEL HADDON, in his 70th year.

On the 19th of Dec. Mrs. VIRGINIA CREEK, in her 84th year.

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To any person who sends us a club of fifty or over THE DAILY TRIBUNE will be sent without extra charge.

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Wit and Humor.

JACK'S LETTER.

An English writer says:—One day when I came home from visiting my old landlady told me that some one had been down begging me to go up to old Wm's house as soon as over I could—he was in great trouble. I started off at once, and found him and his old woman both in tears. I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, sir, we've had such a letter from our Jack in Africa!"

"Now, our Jack was a soldier, and had, by good conduct, risen to the rank of sergeant."

"His letter was in a high-down strain. He had been evidently reading Moore and other poets; and he had written when the news of the threatened Chartist riot on the famous 16th of April had just reached the camp. I cannot remember all his letter, but this passage occurs to me:

"Beloved Parents—I have heard of the terrible dangers that threaten my native land. Perhaps ere now it has been devastated by lawless bands of unprincipled miscreants; perhaps ere now the humble cot in which I first drew nurture has been committed to the ruthless flames. Would I were with you, to protect my ancestral hearth! I cannot be with you; but, beloved parents, my soul hovers over you, as the fabled Hour of the Mohammedan; and I do all I can, by wish and supplication, to cast an eagle shadow upon you."

"Of course I burst out laughing at this high-down letter and their grief. They started at my laugh."

"When, sir, is all right? We thought something terrible had surely happened; we never heard such words afore."

I assured them all was right, and translated the letter for them, to their amazing comfort; but I can assure you that letter was shown to every neighbor as "what our Jack could do," and doubly treasured because they could not comprehend it.

GEN. GRANT IN A HORSE TRADE.

A few Congressmen on the train to-day entered into conversation about the merits of different Generals in our army, in the course of which one of them told the following story about Gen. Grant:

"I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school together, near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made. When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer Ralston fifty dollars at first; if he wouldn't take that, to offer fifty-five dollars, and to go as high as sixty dollars if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic Major-General started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston, and told him he wished to buy the horse."

"How much did your father tell you to give him?" was a very natural inquiry from the owner of the steed.

"Why," said Ulysses, "he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, to give you fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars, to give you that."

"Of course sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and on payment of that amount, the animal became the property of the young Napoleon."

A COUPLE OF ART INCIDENTS.

The curiosity of many of those who attended the recent organ exhibitions at the Music Hall, to hear the celebrated "Vis Holman" stop, so interestingly described by Holmes, found rich and ludicrous expression at one of the concerts, in the inquiry made to a musical individual by one from the rural districts, who occupied an adjoining seat. Slightly apprehensive, as the performers drew to a conclusion, that he should not get his three dollars' worth, and with a little evident confusion in his mind in regard to organ nomenclature, he leaned forward to our artistic friend with, "Say, sir, when are they going to perform on the new combs?"

During the exhibition of Bernadetti's "Rocky Mountains," in one of our New England cities, it was visited by an individual from the extreme suburbs, of a panoramic taste and passion, who, after paying his quarter, entering, and gazing indifferently at the picture—a decided impatience in his manner gradually manifesting itself—suddenly started for the door-keeper, and indignantly demanded, "Why don't the dars't thing begin to move?"—Boston Transcript.

A witty fellow happening to step in at a little ale-house one day, called for a glass of the refreshing beverage. After drinking it, he said to the landlady, with the air of one who has some great secret to communicate, "Mrs. D., I'll tell you how you can sell a great deal more than you do."

"How is that?" she asked. "Don't sell so much froth," was the reply.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?" "No; but I've got the next thing to it." "What's that?" "A serious cold."

A WELL-KNOWN SONG.—Of the deceased one of the Pilgrims, there once lived an old man, who, unlike nearly all his brethren, had no particular respect for the clergy. Going his accustomed rounds one day, he met a reverend gentleman who, after a few casual remarks on worldly topics, thus addressed him:

"Mr. B——, you have lived long; very few attain your age. Would it not be the part of wisdom to attend to your soul's concerns immediately? Really, it would rejoice my soul to see you at the eleventh hour, become a praying Christian."

"Well, now Parson H——, my Bible tells me to pray in secret."

"Ah, well—yes—but do you pray in secret?"

"Why, now, Parson, you know if I should tell you, 'twouldn't be any secret, any how."

OPALS.

Of all precious stones, these have ever had a peculiar charm for imaginative minds. As the caprice of fashion places them at present, in the front rank of jewels, we give place to some information respecting them.

The Opal is a gem belonging to the quartz family, the softest, most delicate, and most valuable of them all, and differing from any other precious stone. It is never found in crystals or in crystalline masses, but forms a deposit resembling resin or gum in crevices or hollows of the rock.

The color of the opal is white or pearl grey, and, when seen between the eye and the light, is pale red or wine yellow, with a milky translucency. By reflected light it exhibits, as its position is varied, elegant and iridescent colors, particularly emerald green, golden yellow, flame and fire red, violet purple, and celestial blue, so beautifully blended and so fascinating as to captivate the admirer. When the color is arranged in small spangles, it takes the name of the harlequin opal. Sometimes it exhibits only one of the above colors, and of these the most esteemed are the emerald green and the orange yellow.

The precious or noble opal, which possesses this play of color, is the only variety at all esteemed; others which possess all the other qualities, but are deficient in that, are valueless. It is not yet decided with certainty whence this comes, but the opal is supposed to be full of flaws, and the vivid iridescent colors it displays are occasioned by the reflection and refraction of the light, which is decomposed at these fissures. Up to the present time, it has only been found in any large quantities in Hungary and Guatemala. There are also black opals obtained from Egypt, but these are extremely rare. They have the glow of a ruby seen through a mist, or a coal ignited at one end. Opals are also found isolated and in small groups at Frankfort, in the Ferro Islands, Iceland, and Australia, but they are brought into trade almost entirely from Hungary, at a spot between Kaschau and Eperies. In a valley here are what are called "the fifty graves," or countless old and new deserted opal mines. Near them are the new pits, where opals are found in considerable quantities, but rarely exceeding half an inch in diameter. There is, however, in the Imperial Mineral Cabinet of Vienna, a noble opal, nearly the size of a man's fist, and weighing thirty-four ounces, which has been valued at about £50,000.

In ancient times the opal was the most highly valued of jewels; at the present time, in obedience to the whirlwinds of time, fashion ranks it above the sapphire, and, when surrounded by brilliants, as it is usually set, the bright scintillating rays of the diamonds contrasting with the calm, soft, but rich and varied tints of the opal, it is one of the most beautiful ornaments imaginable. Pliny describes it in the following language:

"We notice in it the milder fire of the carbuncle, the flashing purple of the amethyst, the sea-green of the emerald, and all this sheening equally in a wondrous blending. For the sake of such a gem," he continues, "which was only of the size of a hazel-nut, the senator Nonius was sent into exile by the triumvir Mark Antony, which he could have escaped had he delivered up the precious gem. Still he preferred exile to the company of his stone to life in Rome without it."

This gem was valued at about £155,000 of our money. In the Middle Ages the opal was also highly esteemed, and, before the Revolution, the financier D'Anguy possessed a harlequin opal of great beauty. This stone, perfect in every respect, and measuring twenty-one millimetres in length, and from fifteen to sixteen in breadth, was highly esteemed; but it did not prove so dangerous to its master as that of Nonius. At the present time, small stones for rings fetch from fifteen to thirty shillings. A fine stone, playing red and gold, and five lines square, was sold in Paris for £95; and a very handsome stone of the size of half a crown is still for sale at Kaschau, if any one is inclined to give £3,000 for it.

The opal is never cut in facets, but always hemispherical. There is also an opal called hydropase, which is white and opaque till immersed in water, when it resembles the noble opal.

A WELL-READ SOLDIER.—Private information.



TEMPTING.

HOMELY AUNT (sweetly).—"Run away, Willie, darling, and get me my work-box, and I'll give you a kiss."

WILLIE, DARLING.—"Then I won't go."

THE WISE MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

One day in early spring, the youth Solomon sat beneath the palms in his father's garden, and bending his eyes on the ground, seemed deep in thought. Nathan, his teacher, stepped up to him, and inquired,

"Why sittest thou here so thoughtfully?"

Solomon raised his head, and replied,

"Nathan, I should like to behold a miracle."

The prophet smiled, and answered,

"That is a wish I also indulged in, in my youthful days."

"And was it fulfilled?" hastily inquired the royal prince.

"A man of God," thus Nathan continued, "approached me once, holding the seed of a pomegranate in his hand. 'Behold,' said he, 'what will become of this seed.' Thereupon he made a small hole in the earth with his finger, laid the seed in it, and covered it again. When he had withdrawn his hand, the earth divided, and I saw two tiny leaves appear. But scarcely had I seen them before they closed together, and became a smooth, round stem, enveloped in a rind; and the stem became visibly higher and thicker."

"The man of God spoke to me, saying, 'Pay attention.' And whilst I was watching, there sprang seven branches from the trunk, like unto the seven arms of the candlestick on the altar. I wondered; but the man of God made a sign, and bid me be silent and attentive. 'Behold,' said he, 'new creations will soon take place.'"

"Thereupon he took water in the hollow of his hand from a brook that was flowing past, and sprinkled therewith the branches three different times; and the branches now hung full of verdant leaves, spreading refreshing shade around us, mingled with sweet-smelling odors. 'Whence,' I exclaimed, 'arises this perfume, in addition to the cooling shade of the leaves?'"

"Dost thou not see," answered the man of God, "those purple flowers, hanging in clusters, and peeping between the leaves?"

"Before I could yet reply, a soft breeze arose, and, rustling through the leaves, cast the flowers to the earth, like to flakes of snow floating down from the clouds. Scarcely had the blossoms fallen, when the beautiful red pomegranates appeared between the leaves, like the almonds on Aaron's staff. The man of God then left me, sunk in silent wonder."

Nathan ended. Hastily Solomon exclaimed—

"Where is he? What is the name of the holy man? Is he still alive?"

Nathan answered,

"Son of David, I have related a dream."

When Solomon heard these words, he became sorry at heart, and said,

"How canst thou thus deceive me?" he said.

But Nathan continued:

"I have not deceived thee, son of David. Behold! in thy father's gardenst thou canst see all that I have related in reality. Is not the same the case with every pomegranate, and with other trees?"

"Yes," answered Solomon; "but gradually, within a wide space of time."

Then answered Nathan,

"Is, then, the miracle the less wonderful or divine because it takes place in quiet and without show? I should think it the more wonderful."

"Study the works of Nature," he continued, "then you will learn to believe in the Most High, and not pine and wish for miracles by human hands."

A PILLAR OF FIRE.

In an English book entitled "Mrs. Elwood's Travels in Egypt," published some twenty-five years ago, we met with the following:

"At Cosmeir a very singular natural phenomenon is described. Our residence was at a stone's throw from the sea. Conceivably my astonishment and surprise on repairing thither to gaze on the beauty of the wave, and to watch the sun, which was just emerging from the bosom of the water, to see the latter, instead of rising in its usual circular form, assume that of a pillar of fire. I doubted the evidence of my senses, and I should hardly hope to be believed, but then I find the ancients and Agatharchides in particular, have mentioned the same phenomenon on these coasts where they observe, 'The sun rises like a pillar of fire.'"

"Lord Valentia also noticed a similar appearance at Mocha, where he saw it set in like manner. We subsequently saw it assume an elongated, but never again so completely columnar a figure. We could not but think of the pillar of fire which forty years gave light to the Israelites in the wilderness. The color of the Red Sea here was of the most exquisite blue of the Mediterranean. The breakers had a peculiar vivid and lively whiteness, which, by contrast, added greatly to the beauty of the azure main; but though I could have gazed for hours, it was too dazzling to permit me to do so with impunity."

The only aid we can afford the enemy—blockade.

Agricultural.

MULES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

One of the most striking characteristics of the mule is his aversion to the sea, and the pride he takes in his relationship to the horse; which instincts are met by obstinacy in the sea, and by indifference in the horse. If an ass at any time—urged by the vanity peculiar to its race as related to the mule—happens to fall in with a drove of mules, he will, in all probability, be kicked and lamed by his proud relatives. A horse, on the contrary, takes a distinguished position in a drove of mules. The latter crowd around him, and follow his movements, exhibiting a violent jealousy, each trying to stand nearest his high-bred relative. This instinct is employed to keep together the droves of mules, on a journey or at pasture, by putting a mare to the drove, with a bell round her neck, and called the bell-mare. This animal is led day and night by a cord, and the whole drove is thus kept under control, and will not leave their queen. It is therefore very difficult to separate the drove. The man who leads the mare is instructed, in case of an attack from the Indians, to leap upon the back of the animal, and take refuge in the wagon encampment, whither the drove is sure to follow him. Even if the Indians succeed in separating any from the drove, they find it difficult to carry them off. The animals incessantly attempt to turn back, and the travellers are thus enabled to overtake the robbers, and recover the stolen animals. The Indians, in consequence, use every means to get possession of the mare; and if they succeed in this, the whole drove is lost to their owners. If several horses are in a drove of mules, the danger is that the latter becomes dispersed; and this is the reason that, in these journeys, saddle-horses are not allowed to go loose, but are led by a cord.—Probel.

A QUERY FOR ANTIQUARIANS.—Does the sap which enters the roots of a tree go into the general circulation? or does each root-branch furnish nutriment to a corresponding portion of the tree—the two mutually acting upon and sympathizing with each other?

In my orchard are three apple trees, standing in wetish ground, rapidly descending on one side to soil so wet as to produce sage grass, on the other gradually rising to dry and warm soil. On the wet side the limbs have been dying until full one-half of the top of each tree has been removed, while the up-hill side of each top remains healthy and bore a good crop of fruit this season. Now if the acid is poison, drawn in by the roots dipping into the mud, and has been carried into the general circulation, why not the whole tree die?—N. E. Farmer.

SHEEP SWEDDING WOOL.—Mr. Lewis Clark, in the Wisconsin Farmer, says the best plan to keep the wool on sheep is to keep them fat, and that if sheep "run down" from any cause, and are fed high at once, their wool will start. Even a change of pasture, from a poor to a timely and clover pasture, will start the wool from a lean sheep. But the feeding of corn, beans, wheat, rye, barley, oats, vegetables, or anything that sheep will eat that makes fat, avoiding sudden changes, will not only cause the wool to stick, but will increase it more than enough to pay the additional cost.

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE AND CLEAR COPPER.—Put a sufficient quantity of the coffee into the pot, and pour boiling water on it; stir it, and place it on the fire. Make it boil, and as soon as four or five bubbles have risen take it off the fire and pour out a teacupful and return it; set it down for one minute, then pour gently over the top one teacupful of cold water; let it stand one minute longer, and it will be bright and fine. The cold water, by its greater density, sinks and carries the grounds with it.

COLD CREAM.—1 lb. of lard, 3 oz. of Spermaceti. Melt with a gentle heat, and when cooling stir in orange-flower water, 1 oz., essence of lavender, 26 drops.

SAGO AND APPLE PUDDING.—Take 6 oz. of sago, previously picked, 5 large, rich apples, peeled, quartered and cored, and 1 teacup of sugar. Pour boiling water on the sago; let it stand till cold; then mix in the apples and sugar, and bake about one hour.

PRESERVING GRASS AND FLOWERS.—As some persons seem to wish to know at once how to preserve grasses, &c., to use in the place of artificial, I will say a few words here about how to do this, without waiting for it to find place in my papers on arranging flowers. The German mode is to take large shallow pans or boxes, and covering them with a layer of the finest and driest sand, to lay the grasses in this, and carefully sift in more sand till all are completely covered. The sand is then kept for some days exposed to slight heat, at the end of which process it is left to cool gradually, and the flowers or grasses when taken out are found to retain perfectly their natural form, and, with little difference, their own color also.—H. A. Melling.

PEAS CHEESE.—There is a very close resemblance between several animal and vegetable substances. Thus animal milk contains a large quantity of casein, which is the principal substance in cheese; and peas also contain a large amount of the same substance. The Chinese, who have exhibited such an aptitude for domestic economies, that they even make soup of bird's nests, have also found out that cheese can be made of peas. For this purpose peas are boiled into a thin paste, then passed through a sieve, and an acid added to the pea solution, which becomes curdled like sweet milk by the action of the common rennet upon the latter. The solid part is then salted, pressed into cheese moulds, and it gradually acquires the taste and smell of cheese. It is sold in the streets of Canton under the name of "Taofoo," and when fresh it is a favorite article of Chinese food.

THREE HINTS FOR THE SEASON.—Be sure and cover the bits of your bridles with leather, to prevent the frost from making the mouths of your horses sore. It is downright cruelty to put an iron bit into a horse's mouth on a cold morning. If you doubt it, bit yourself some day when the mercury stands below zero.

When you cut Indian rubber, keep the blade of your knife wet, and you can then cut it without difficulty.

We have heard of and tested a great many kinds of waterproof blacking for winter boots. Let us tell you what we have tried for two winters, and found to be the best article we know of. When your boots are stiff and you think need oiling, wash them in castile soap-suds—oil before the leather dries, (you may use blackball or any kind of grease), have a saturated solution of gum shellac in alcohol—anybody can make it, as all there is to be done is to dissolve in a pint or half pint of alcohol just as much shellac as the liquid will take up—and apply this solution with a sponge to the oiled boots. In two or three minutes the shellac will dry and harden, and you will have a coating on your boots through which the water cannot by any possibility penetrate. Try it, reader.—Germanian Telegraph.

The Riddler.

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 61 letters.

My 33, 39, 53, 48, was a British General. My 38, 39, 16, 35, was a British General. My 12, 18, 30, 15, 26, 25, 48, was a British General.

My 1, 44, 19, 18, 39, 35, 17, 45, was an American General.

My 30, 10, 18, 31, 25, 5, 9, was an American General.

My 16, 28, 58, 4, 8, was an American General.

My 34, 39, 54, 15, 18, 30, 56, 57, 61, 2, was a battle fought during the Revolution.

My 35, 7, 16, 17, 4, 46, was a fort on the Hudson River, once commanded by General Schuyler.

My 1, 32, 50, 4, 37, was an American General.

My 18, 17, 11, 30, 34, 40, 39, 59, was a General who commanded in the American army at Monmouth.

My 55, 47, 41, 35, 31, was an American General.

My 30, 32, 49, 14, 48, was a British spy.

My 22, 36, 38, 39, 18, 52, was an American General.

My 18, 30, 51, 12, 39, 19, 60, was an American General.

My 5, 28, 56, 50, 6, 17, 18, 19, 40, 62, captured Ticonderoga.

My 1, 12, 56, 9, 34, 18, 48, 4, was an American General.

My whole was an important event in American history. SHIRSH B. WEST.

Dundeeville, Pa.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 13, 5, 18, is the emblem of purity.

My 14, 8, 4, is an insect.

My 7, 9, 2, 10, to be, is a bad fault.

My 3, 6, 16, is a preposition.

My 12, 15, 11, is to be found in dealing.

My 17, is a beverage.

My whole is three things to fight for.

BELL.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A boy's nickname.

A celebrated naturalist.

A Greek author.

A city in Italy.

A place of perfect happiness.

A Roman emperor.

A place reputed to be very dark.

A city in France.

A fish.

A large lake.

A British officer in the Revolutionary war.

A race of people on the island of Great Britain.

A heathen goddess.

A universal tyrant.

A figure of rhetoric.

The initials spell the name of a new and interesting American novel, and the final the name of its author.

AMBIDEXTER.

Tulbot Co., Md.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first is an abbreviation of a man's name.

My second is an indefinite article.

My third is a command.

My fourth is not far off.

My fifth is like my second.

My whole is the name of a portion of the globe.

Elba, Min. C. JONES.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Find two numbers whose sum shall be an integral cube, their product a perfect square, and such that the square of the first added to the second may be equal to the square of the second added to the first? MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Iowa.

An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Eight times a certain number increased by 4 makes a square, and 3 times the square of the same number increased by 9 makes another square. Required the number? GILL BATES.

An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is making honey like whipping? Ana.—Because it is a bee-laboring business.

What is the difference between an ass and an alligator? Ana.—The one you bolt, the other bolts you.

What saw seems to be destined for the division of Europe—Warsaw.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Valuable reading. ENIGMA.—Nathaniel Hawthorne. CHARADE.—Live, or RIDDLE.—Louis Agassiz.

Answer to my PROBABILITY QUESTION, published Nov. 21. The required probability is 8-65. Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Penna.

Answer to E. Hagerty's PROBLEM, by E. Hagerty, Nov. 21st. Area within the arcs 2884.6 square miles. Reuben Barto.

Answer to my PROBLEM, Nov. 21, 2594 and 2884 square miles nearly.

Answer to Mr. Martin's, Nov. 21, 6.136735.

Answer to R. Barto's, Nov. 21, 36 and 108.

Answer to R. J. McBride's, Nov. 21, A \$3750; B \$1875. E. Hagerty, Baltimore.